

LIGHTING THE COAL-FIRE.

BY ERICK BROWN CRAWFORD.

"The coal-men must be lighted," said mamma, looking down. "Where crisp red winds had blighted And driven the cold, the blighting cold Shall bring the burning coal. And both shall by the pine match, While Pines sithe the pine match, And bids the quivering thines catch The sparks that dance and dance that roll Till all the embers shine."

With clash and click and clatter, With rattle, rattle, rattle, With a rattle, rattle, rattle, Of fragments on the floor, The heavy car was swinging down To meet the leaping flame; It caught the tremulous boughs below, And off its shivering branches, off, Off went the leaves pooring down, Till both went down and came.

Neath an oily galing—

With riving eyes a-spraining—

With pride in breast?

Till Ned, grown conscious of the look,

Draws close to the glowing thought

That's her face such quiet strength;

For, better far than likely-look.

Gold! mamma thinking 'tis.

"My thought?" she said, a-puffing.

"Was it the fire-light, Ned?

Whose kindling and whose dying

So much the pine match year?

And that white pine at you, Ned?

With the pine match?

I marked her off my old hood,

How darkly Robbie's ringlets shone,

And Robbie's bright against the wall.

Had changed these summer days."

"And when I slowly pondered

I checked my face, and pondered

How the pine match's have

World'd be his match-making piece,

My growing sick, Ned?

Will you have led me to the men

And walk, Ned, by reckoning ways?

And walk, Ned, mother-hell?

"Shoo, Ned, my mother-hell!"

From the ground that snarled,

Forge without the blue?

Will Ned found that kindness does

Frogs a-brown, and frogs a-green,

Or frogs a-brown and frogs a-green,

Does greater service than she knows,

And weaker joys does?"

For more, Ned, draw nearer,

And Ned's eyes show clearer,

From out his dewy eye,

"He wasn't 'fraid of any boy!"

But then, from out his dewy eye,

The dimpled doctor took,

While summer took the dewy joy,

One fire-light thought could wake.

—Christian Union.

TOM HARRISON'S WISDOM.

TOM Harrison and his pretty little wife sat together disconsolately at their evening meal in the one room which served them for parlor, kitchen and bed-chamber combined. It was not by any means a palatial residence, for the house in which they lived was in one of those narrow, ill-paved and dingy streets that form a sort of human rabbit warren about the purloins of Gray-linn-road. Nor was the banquet an epicurean one, consisting as it did—and it was dinner, tea and supper all together—of tea without either milk or sugar, stale bread, (and not much of that,) and two small herring, denominated by courtesy "Yarmouth blasters," but which had probably been cured in the vicinity of Bethnal-green or Lison-grove.

Tom was a wine-merchant's clerk, out of employment, rather nice-looking, tall, tawny-mustached fellow of about eight and twenty. His wife was perhaps three years younger than himself, a pleasant-faced, cheerful little body, a type of English women very common, thank heaven! in this our vast Babylon. She had been a shop girl before her marriage, and now that she and her husband had fallen on adverse times, had resumed her employment, the few shillings she earned weekly being all upon which the luckless young couple had to live.

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Lina Harrison was from "home," such as it was, from 8 a.m. during which hours poor Tom was wearing out shoe-leather by perambulating the streets of London in the vain search after employment. But for his cheery little wife, a veritable "cricket of the heart," the young clerk, who was not naturally of an impatient and desponding temperament, would have utterly given up.

Lina was who, with a bright smile or light jest on the inconstancy of poverty, caused the boy to herp to taste as well in the mouth as a bunch of violets, and even the bitter, sugarless tea to do duty for the toothlessness of burgundy or champagne.

Truly, the wisest of all men never more showed his wisdom than when he gave the preference to a dinner of herbs with love to a dinner of roast beef with oil.

It was not the young clerk's fault that he was out of work. He had been employed by a firm who had failed for a large amount in a fraudulent fashion, and other firms were very chary of accepting testimonial as to character from those whose good word was in itself no recommendation. So poor Tom, in old slippers and much worn smoking cap, sat morosely sipping his unpalatable tea, out of sorts with himself and all the world, for Mrs. Croucher, the landlady, with that disagreeable "peculiar" money (as if it could be hers before it was earned!) and to slant doors and don't-blank looks, as if the one great duty of the lodger portion of mankind was to live like the proverbial horse on one straw a day, in order to give to his lodger the means of going about in purple and fine linen.

"A nice fix this, Lina," said Tom, suddenly, turning over the starveling hering on his cracked old plate. "I wish that old mother Croucher had six months in the House of Correction to take down some of her fat. How does she get it, except by living on her lodgers? And that lazy brute of a husband of hers never does a stroke of work."

"Oh, hush, dear," replied little Mrs. Harrison, filling up her husband's cup with the weak decoction of sloe-leaves that did duty for tea; "after all she only asked for her own!"

"Her own! I hate that landlady's expression. How can it be hers before it is ours? That everlasting cry, 'My money, my money, I want my money,' is enough to drive a fellow mad."

And Tom kicked off one of his slippers violently, and stuck the fork into his herring as he wished that it were Mrs. Croucher upon whom he was pouring out the vials of his wrath.

His wife made no answer, not well knowing, poor little thing, how to cast oil upon the troubled waters of her husband's mind."

"Here's a pretty dinner for a strong man," continued the young clerk, in derision, holding up the head of the herring on his fork. "And for you, too,

poor 'dear,'" he added, as he glistened at the pale but cheerful face.

"Oh, I like hearings, Tom dear," said Lina with a laugh. "One man's meat is another man's poison, you know; but I suppose that applies to women also."

"If you like them, darling, it's more than I do," returned Tom, thinking with a sigh of the rich, golden, juicy blasters he used to receive in periodical bampers from a friend resident near Yarmouth; but who, now that they would be doubly welcome, sent them no more.

Also, for the 17th tree of poverty!

How baneful is it to all who come under the shadow of its branches!

"I can't get half-blistered," said Lina, continued poor Tom, in a half-shocked voice, that had in it a strong suspicion of tears, "to be living off your few shillings, my poor little girl."

Lina rose up, put one arm around her husband's neck, and laid her cheek against his.

"Oh, my own precious husband, don't talk like that; are we not one?"

The young clerk could not speak, but held his wife closer to him.

"Don't you remember, dear?" added the little woman, bravely dashling away her tears, and smiling sweetly, "what Shakespeare makes Katherine say in the 'Taming of the Shrew'?"

"Repeat it, love."

Tom walked home whistling, and two inches higher than usual. He would go into business he thought now, if Lina approved, or —. Well, it must be thought over.

There were two happy and grateful hours in the little room of the house in the street that night. Even the dragon, Croucher, was mollified. She made hot toast, boiled eggs, told her gosips that she are very young yet, and his wife up stairs had come into a fortun', and like a timeserver as she was was all "nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

It may be satisfying to add that the lessons taught by adversity were not lost. From henceforth never was there a happier couple than the young clerk and his wife, and never was money more satisfactorily turned to account than was Tom Harrison's Windfall.

As a Witness.

From the New York Tribune.

As a witness, Mr. Tilton differs greatly from Mr. Moulton, but the difference is not to the disadvantage of either. He is not always so prompt or so clear about dates and trifling details. He is ignorant and self-possessed, but his earnestness makes him seem less at ease. Mr. Moulton could test his wit against his cross-examiner. Mr. Tilton has but one object to which all his energies are strained. But Mr. Tilton is trained to facing large audiences. He combines the talents of the *littérateur* and the orator, and brings into play all the rich imagery and poetic phrasology that mark his writings and his speeches. He throws off sentences with an emphatic motion of the head and with explanatory gestures of his hands. His rich, full voice and his mobile features lend their effect to what he says. Thus far his testimony has been delivered in long statements, like the divisions of a sermon or a lecture.

It has been remarked that Mr. Beecher's counsel seemed pleased with this feature of Mr. Tilton's testimony. They do not interrupt or restrain him as they did Mr. Moulton, but sit quietly through his testimony with evident satisfaction.

The recollection of the manner in which the trees were treated in his boyhood was not now to his knowledge.

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